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COSMA

By CHARLES FARWELL EDSON.

HERE do I stand and frankly state my right,
I want myself to blossom for my good.
I want fair freedom, nothing grudged to me,
But given me because it is my due.
I want these hands to toil in usefulness;
I want this brain to work out things that count;
I want my soul to touch the soul of life;
I want my body to bring forth his child.
I want my life lived to its ultimate,
Most nobly, frankly, freely to its end.
I want man's love as it is given to me,
And woman's smile that trusts me as I trust.
I want to read the varied books of life,
That open pages to me day by day;
Sweet youth, mid-age, and old age with its fruit
Matured by God throughout the blending years.
I want my life to grow throughout my life
And every cell in tune with nature's chord.
I want to stand and face the world as man,
But with my woman's smile within my eyes.
You grant me this, and such a life will come
As will make Heaven's fabled story cheap;
Make hell pass as the dreams have passed before,
For hell is ill-meant, ill-spent live of life;
And fairer than the sun on new spring day
Will burst the light of woman's beauteous soul;
But fairer still will new-born man stand forth
In that sweet freedom that he gives to her.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE average newspaper man's conception of the First of May does not rise above that of "expected rioting." With ill-concealed sarcasm our capitalistic editors, referring to France, express their relief that the "impending revolution" did not materialize. A few broken heads here and there, a red flag confiscated by the police, some meetings prohibited or stopped, but—"the Republic still lives." Yet behind it all one can clearly sense the suppressed fear of probable revolutionary events abroad exerting an awakening influence upon American labor. And perhaps the fear is not entirely unfounded.

True, the people of this country have so far failed to grasp the revolutionary meaning of the First of May, so clearly understood in Europe. American labor is still satisfied to parade on the legally sanctioned Labor Day. But the former pride in its "glory and dignity" has been sadly punctured. The workingman has lost faith in his alleged sovereignty. He is beginning to feel the iron of servitude cutting into his very bone. The spell of his dream of independence is broken. The awakening to his actual degradation is poignant, indeed. Half blinded, as it were, by his cruel disillusionment, he still vaguely grasps every palliative nostrum, desperately clutching at every straw of possible relief. But all in vain. Every attempt is proving more ineffective, and the working masses are gradually crushed under the wheels of the industrial Juggernaut.

And as the process continues, American labor is beginning to understand the absolute hopelessness of its crude, antiquated methods. The workingmen are learning that they cannot successfully appeal from the devil to his mother-in-law; and that the law, the natural ally of monopoly, cannot serve two masters. The mad saturnalia of exploitation are quickening the dullest perception, and hasten the complete awakening. In the crucible of misery and suffering labor's vagueness is being steadily transmuted into a clear consciousness of its interests. A little while longer, a few more steps along the route of political and economic despotism, and the ineffectuality of reformatory attempts will be transformed into decisive, revolutionary action.

Then even the Lilliputian brain of our American journalists will begin to see the light. They will learn that the First of May does not mean "expected rioting." They will realize this great day to be the watchword of the international proletariat, grown to full, active manhood.

* * *

THE hysterical ado made in certain quarters about the recent killing of a New York detective in Sicily is nothing short of disgusting. The press would have us believe that "the whole country" is mourning the death of the man. For the sake of one's respect for the people's sanity, however, it is to be hoped that by "the whole country" are meant only detectives and such others as possess a detective's soul, if those creatures may be said to be the possessors of anything even remotely approximating a human soul.

One who voluntarily chooses—for money—to become a human bloodhound must be ready to reap what he has sown. To sneak about, with or without disguise, prying with treacherous eyes into the affairs of others, never hesitating to violate with perjured tongue and mailed fist their lives and liberty, occasionally proves dangerous. Those who secretly financed the dead detective's wild adventures may indeed regret their investment. The man himself may even be mourned by those whose wakeful hours are haunted by the threatening specter of their despoiled victims. But "the whole country"? What interest have honest folks in the whole miserable tribe?

The action of the New York legislature in voting an annual pension of two thousand dollars for the detective's widow is a most outrageous insult to the intelligence of the people, and especially of the working people. Has the legislature ever pensioned the widow of the miner killed in the performance of his most necessary and useful toil? Has the State provided for a family whose sole support was done to death in the caissons of our subways? Shall the orphans of the underpaid producer, wantonly sacrificed on the altar of capitalist cupidity, be doomed to starve, while the taxpayers' money is wasted on the brood of men whose sole vocation in life is to protect the masters against the very consequences of their exploitation?

If the people of New York State have a spark of self-respect, they will speedily repudiate this latest legislative outrage.

* * *

IT has been well said that they who use the sword shall perish by the sword. Thus the monster of war, continually multiplying and perfecting the instruments of human slaughter, is steadily working towards its own destruction and elimination. Similarly, authority striving to press mankind into the governmental mold, inevitably aids in the breaking of its own model. Seldom has the historic truth of this been better illustrated than in the case of the former soldier of the United States army, William Buwalda.

For the terrible crime of shaking hands with Comrade Emma Goldman, after one of her lectures at San Francisco, Private Buwalda was court-martialed and condemned to five years' military prison. Unconscious of any wrong committed, or even intended, Buwalda was (as he subsequently wrote to me) dazed by the action of the government in whose faithful service he spent fifteen years of his life. But the government built better than it knew. It sent Buwalda, the soldier, to jail. But in the darkness of the prison night there awakened *the man,* and out of the ashes of suffering and wrong a human soul stepped forth into the light of day.

In vain the government's subsequent show of "clemency," the commutation of Buwalda's sentence, and his final "pardon." The floodgates of the heart and mind once opened, no power could stem the tide of awakening, and to-day our friends may join us in the happy greeting of the first anniversary of William Buwalda's resurrection into the world of Anarchy.

As a fitting finale to his emancipation from the military nightmare, Comrade Buwalda returned to the United States government the medal awarded him for bravery in the Philippines. The characteristic letter accompanying the medal to Washington will be found in this issue.

How true was Buwalda's reply to the question the police recently asked him: "What have the Anarchists ever done for you that you should turn against the government?"

"They made me think," said Buwalda.

WHATEVER may be said of the revolutionary events in Turkey, the mere fact that the most absolute despotism of modern times was forced to yield to the march of progress is in itself of tremendous significance.

True, but a change of rulers has taken place. And back of the religious and military antagonisms, there may prove to lurk the fine hand of European diplomacy. Yet even so, the demon raised will be hard to lay. For the violent hurricane which has swept the Ottoman Empire will pierce the dense canopy of hoary tradition and custom, culminating in the revolutionizing of the masses. Bourgeois changes are the historic preludes to popular revolution.

Desperately the masters of the world clutch at the dial of Time, straining every nerve to push the hands backward. But louder and ever louder knells the hour of tyranny's dirge.

* * *

SELDOM has the hypocrisy and corruption of modern commercialism been so vividly illuminated as by the story of Castro.

As President of Venezuela, he attempted to rid the country of the American and European corporations, whose exploitation of the South American republic was reducing that country to the verge of ruin. Especially the American "investors" excelled in enmeshing Venezuela with a net of corruption, bribery, and plunder. Failing to bend Castro to the will of Mammon, the foreign capitalists repeatedly incited revolutions, all of which, however, ended in failure. Finally the worthy pillars of law and order carried their differences with Castro to the highest courts, and again suffered defeat. Their crimes were so palpable, every decision resulted in their condemnation.

Unfortunately, a critical illness necessitated Castro's temporary absence from Venezuela. The occasion gave the corporations an opportunity to play a most damnable coup, aided by the international, subsidized press and the United States government. Gomez, a creature of the asphalt interests and acting President of Venezuela, was quickly induced to declare Castro a fugitive from justice, aiming to discredit him in the eyes of the Venezuelan people, and thus secure the ascendancy of his capitalist

enemies. But, far from being a fugitive, Castro immediately returned to his country. Then it was that the combined governments of Europe and America hastily rushed to the aid of their uncrowned masters, and, in defiance of the laws of Venezuela and the will of its people, prevented, by force of arms, the return of Castro to his native land. Dangerously ill, Castro was violently dragged about from place to place, driven from shore to sea, and not allowed to land in Venezuela, the European governments co-operating with the Washington authorities, obedient to the orders of international monopoly.

Whatever be Castro himself, his merciless hounding by the combined governments of the world is due solely to his firm stand against the rapacity of American and European corporations. His opposition to the despoliation of Venezuela did good service to his country and to the world at large, exposing the pitiless cabal of government and capital against any one daring to resist the Moloch of Profit. The story of Castro is a tremendous object-lesson in Christian civilization.

* * *

WHAT the world is pleased to call facts are notoriously misleading things, requiring imagination and a certain temperament in their application. Skeptics on this subject are referred to the recent reports of Mr. Williams, New York State Commissioner of Labor, and Mr. Bogart, New York City Commissioner of Licenses. The latter, in his report to Mayor McClellan, declares that labor conditions in this city have not improved since the panic of 1907, and that the books of the local employment agencies show a decided falling off in the amount of unskilled labor employed in the city since that time. Not only is there less demand, we are informed, for unskilled labor than there was a year ago, but the wages paid to the laborers, with the exception of farm hands, are lower. This unpleasant fact is made plain in the reports furnished to the Commissioner of Licenses by the various employment agencies of the city during the past twelve months.

Mr. Williams, on the other hand, reports a steady decrease in the number of unemployed in the State since October, 1907, and, after a canvass of trade unions representing a membership of 125,000, declares that there were at the end of March *only* 21 per cent. of the workers of

the State out of employment. Not bad, indeed. In fact, there is real cause for rejoicing that during the first three months of this year, every fifth working man in the State was out of employment the *entire time*. Civilization proceeds at an alarming rate; our mastery of the forces of nature is so great that four men do the work of five and support the extra man, pauperizing and debasing him meanwhile by the process.

The same papers that supply the above figures inform us that during the past forty years 149,566 bodies of the poor of this city have been sent to Potter's Field. What suffering, what pride, what blasted hopes were buried in those nameless graves we shall never know; but over them all we seem to hear the smug Philistine snuffle, "If poverty and the incentive to struggle were abolished, would it not destroy our opportunities to develop those charitable instincts of ours which are so beautiful and uplifting?" To which we reply, Amen! What an affliction that would be—for the Philistine. *Twenty-one per cent.!*

* * *

IN these days of spineless unionism, water-soaked radicalism, and ultra-respectable Socialism, it is refreshing to hear the clear, clarion notes of uncompromising manhood wafted to us from across the continent.

We joyfully welcome the entrance of the new fighter in the revolutionary arena, the *Industrial Worker,* published weekly at Spokane, Washington. We greet the noble band of conscious workers, who have courageously swept aside the barriers of representative superstition, and ably strive to shed into the labor ranks the light of revolutionary aims and tactics.

* * *

THE hundredth anniversary of Thomas Paine's death* will be commemorated at New Rochelle on Decoration Day, May 31st. The Liberal Club, Paine Historical Society, and other bodies will participate in the exercises. Interested organizations are requested to communicate with the Secretary of the Paine Centenary Committee, Mr. Van der Weyde, 241 Fifth Ave., New York.

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* Died at New York, June 8, 1809.

THE MAY DEMONSTRATION

By LE TRIMARDEUR.

In life it often happens that the beginning of a thing is mistaken for its end. The May idea is also exposed to similar error. It is, therefore, of the utmost necessity ever again to point out the true significance of the May demonstration and to emphasize the final aim of this movement.

To present the case in a nutshell: The essential idea of the May celebration is nothing else than Direct Action against capitalism, the direct struggle for the emancipation of the proletariat from wage slavery.

The May demonstration was to usher in this battle; to serve, so to speak, as the annual day of victory in this warfare. On the First of May were to be celebrated the triumphs of the past, and a new campaign mapped out against exploitation. This and nothing else was the leading motive of the yearly May demonstrations, according to the conception of the International Congress of 1889, which met at Paris.

Unfortunately, the opportunist leaders of various countries have succeeded in falsifying the meaning of the May celebration, minimizing the effect of the demonstrations, and directing the movement in peaceful channels. No wonder, then, that the idea of the May celebration proved a failure in those countries. Deprived of its true import and its very essence, the First of May necessarily lost its psychologic effect.

The leaders and politicians of the labor movement were not slow to perceive that their sinecures were in danger if the workers were to realize that Direct Action, rather than parliamentarism, is their proper tactics, and that wage slavery can be successfully fought only on the economic battlefield, with the Social General Strike as the chief weapon. Were the workers to learn this, the labor fakers would be doomed as an unnecessary and harmful tribe. Therefore they sought, from the very beginning, to deprive the May celebration of the meaning involved in the Day of Direct Action and demonstration. In this they have, indeed, been successful to a considerable extent. Thus, for instance, the Socialist party of New York declined to participate this year in the public demonstration, because, as the party's delegates explained,

they feared the demonstration might assume too large proportions and so become impracticable.

Thus the day which was to demonstrate the power of the international proletariat proves to be the very day when the decline of the revolutionary movement becomes most apparent. No wonder, then, that reaction grows apace, and the insolence of the powers that be steadily increases.

Fortunately, however, the spirit of opportunism has not infected the proletariat of *all* countries. Pure-and-simple unionism and political inanity have not triumphed everywhere and paralyzed the energy of labor. The workers of the Latin countries, and especially those of France, prove to us again and again what tactics must be employed to wrest victory in the daily struggle with capital, and point the way of preparation for the final goal: Direct Action and the General Strike.

The French workers have also permitted themselves to be duped for years by political clowns; but finally they realized that there is no difference whether their rulers be Bonapartist, Republican, or Socialist. But too often they have experienced in their own persons that their upstart comrades demeaned themselves with greater brutality and arbitrariness than the old exploiters.

To-day no political upstart or labor leader could dupe the French proletariat. They have realized the truth of the motto, "The emancipation of the working class must be the work of the workingmen themselves." By their methods of Direct Action they set an example for the proletariat of all other countries. Step by step they approach the final goal, the General Strike. One need but casually glance at the press of the various countries to witness the respect and fear inspired the enemy by the methods of French labor. Thus the First of May has preserved in France its original revolutionary meaning: a militant campaign against exploitation. The example of France cannot fail to exert a salutary influence upon the workers of other lands. They, too, are becoming conscious that only by their own efforts will they ever achieve their emancipation. Therefore they, too, must follow the example of the French workingmen, and impart to the First of May its old character, that of introduction to direct economic battle and the General Strike.

ANARCHISM AND MALTHUS

By C. L. JAMES.

(*Continuation.*)

Amidst all these changes, which quite amount to making the book a new one, there is no wavering about the "main principle," as Malthus termed it. The "main principle," or Malthusian Theory, properly so-called, may be boiled down to this, that increase of the Positive Check (premature deaths) can be averted only by increase of the Prudential Check (continence). Its arithhmetical self-evidence needs no further exposition, if the American figures, on which it was founded, be correct. In this respect it is characteristic of the author. Malthus was not a very consecutive thinker or lucid writer, though in his youth he was a florid one; but figures were his strong point (he came out of Cambridge with the high mathematical point of Ninth Wrangler). His description of human increase in America as "geometrical" and increase of food as "arithmetical" has been pronounced affectedly technical by one of his few really competent reviewers (Mill); but it is not without justification. Population, doubling every twenty-five years, does not increase in a very rapid geometric ratio, like the pennies paid for nails in the problem of the horse's shoes. Let such a population live, as long as it can, on flocks and herds, grain, commissions in exchange, or what you will; all, except perhaps the last, also increase in a geometric ratio, and faster than men, thus making their increase at the old rate practicable—true; while there is vacant land to be exploited; but how long will that be? The increase of land in pasture; of grain, under the intensest culture; of commerce, while the continents are being developed, is not, for want of land, at a geometrical rate—we put it high in supposing it authentical, thus:—

Years	25	50	75	100	etc.
People ...	x	$2x$	$4x$	$8x$	etc.
Produce ..	y	$2y$	$3y$	$4y$	etc.

Evidently, too, the principle is highly important. Not to mention "the future improvement of mankind," if their "present prospect" be that forbearance from unchecked indulgence in an appetite they share with brutes is the only alternative from the double agony of unwelcome

births and premature deaths; if "their past history" have for its key-note excessive births, necessitating premature deaths, by sacrifice to Moloch, as in Syria; legal infanticide, as at Rome; illicit infanticide, as in China; abortion; famine; pestilence; war; the miseries and disgraces of slavery, which, in all it forms, is the result of war; between which propositions the first is mathematically demonstrable, and the other historically notorious; then recalcitration against the moral is the mark of a brute; the laws which still do in some measure encourage masculine sensuality, feminine dependence, and their hideous consequences, are the brutal laws of barbarians, who wanted food for powder because, like other men, they sought to gratify their desires with the least exertion, and because plunder is, in the barbarous state, the easiest way to live, nor can the voluble individual who, in our time, praises their polity, escape being deemed a brute on any ground but the contemptuous one that he is only an ignorant sensationalist. Most assuredly, the whimper that Malthus attributes "vice and misery to a natural instinct with which are linked the purest and sweetes affections," deserves no sympathy from one whose estimate of women's rights and duties is at all above the Rooseveltian standard.

Men, however, are not easily convinced of what they do not wish to believe. The windows of heaven have rained refutations upon Malthus for, now, a hundred and ten years. That the refutations do not refute is shown by the fact that they continue to rain. But though the shower gives no sign of slackening, originality in making the missiles was exhausted long ago. The modern student not only keeps his refutations of Malthus on the same shelf with his reconciliations of Genesis and geology, but knows, as soon as he looks into one, on what part of the shelf to put it.

Among refuters of Malthus we have specified two

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* Malthus, whose eye surveyed the world, did not, of course, overlook so huge a fact as infanticide. From a moral point of view, his judgment on it may be anticipated; but from an economic, he reasoned that it rather increased population than otherwise, being looked forward to, wherever tolerated, as a resort before children are born; while, after that, parental affection limits it to a last resort.

kinds, those who say the theory is a truism, and those who arraign it on some such *à priori* ground as impiety; being "dangerous to morals"; being pessimistic; being a stock argument of Tories and the privileged classes,—concerning which we shall say more.* A third class of refuters, probably as numerous as the rest put together, are the eclectics, who reproduce all the arguments of previous anti-Malthusians, without perceiving that they contradict each other. There are also many who attempt a *reductio ad absurdum,* and succeed triumphantly—in making themselves absurd. Such are those who accuse Malthus of representing vice and misery as rather good things than otherwise; of supposing we are in danger of an actual squeeze; of recommending infanticide, against which we have seen that he discovered a new argument; of being refuted by all the wisdom of antiquity. These are not always easy to distinguish from the *à priori* critics; but there is this important difference that Messrs. *à priori* fairly understand what Malthus meant, while the reducer to absurdity always misunderstands him grossly. A common case, which also illustrates the complexity of his alleged truism and the ease with which it can be misunderstood, is that of the man who asks for proof that population does increase, and reminds us of fishers washing their nets upon the rock of Tyre, or jackals howling among the ruins of Babylon. Now, *Malthus never said that population on the whole did increase*—not that I doubt it, but I might, without contradicting Malthus. He said that there was a powerful human instinct which *tends* to increase population; and therefore (which is an important point) that it must increase—unless the Positive Check or the Prudential hinders. But he was not

* Much the best criticism of this kind was made by Karl Marx. The capitalists, he says, have regular employment for a limited number of proletaires. What they call the surplus is an excess over that number. They are quite insincere in affecting a desire to reduce it, for it is the reserve of their army. Out of this "surplus" come the "scab," the strike-breaker, the policeman, the common soldier, where there is no conscription. This is true enough; and it is a good reply to hypocrites who find in the Malthusian Theory a "parry to demands for reform." But what it has to do with the truth of the theory I do not see; nay, if we must be polemical, the fact that neglect of Malthus breeds strike-breakers seems to me an excellent reason why Socialists should be Malthusians.

so ignorant of what either can do as to be unaware that celibacy like that of the Roman Empire, especially after it became Christian, or a visitation like the Black Death, may diminish population very fast.

The theory of Malthus has, a good long while ago, converted all writers worthy to be called economists, all biologists, and all historians. Its first victories were among those emphatically to be designated as the men of his own time. The great party which had ruled England without intermission from 1715 to 1760, was breaking in the vortex of the French Revolution. Those among the Old Whigs who followed Burke and Pitt soon came to be indistinguishable from the Tories, whose ashes were warmed into life by a sympathetic reign and by the extinction of their evil genius, the exiled House of Stuart. Malthus' place as a politician was among the New Whigs, whose importance began when the Napoleonic wars were over—with those who abolished slavery, repealed the Corn Laws, put an end to imprisonment for debt, took away the political disabilities of Jews, Catholics, and Dissenters; reformed the representative system, swept away the Draconian penal code; established the policy of peace. He deserves to be called a Liberal, because he was in favor of everything good which was ripe enough to be done during his own literary period; from the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, to the Reform Bill, thirty years later, and shortly before his death. But his celebrity, of course, is mainly in connection with political economy; his importance to ordinary readers is known chiefly on this account, that political economy was the especial field of England during the nineteenth century. The Manchester School, till lately dominant, looks to Malthus as its second founder; and, since schisms have arisen in that school, it is to the specific views of Malthus that there has been a reversion from those of the long-idolized Ricardo.

David Ricardo, supposed, till Mill openly seceded from among his pupils, to have placed political economy on a basis of all-comprehensive demonstration, was six years younger than Malthus, who long outlived him. They were intimate friends, their disputes were always in perfect good temper; and since Ricardo continued to be read, but Malthus did not, very few people, until lately,

knew how much they differed. It is from Malthus' supposed law of population that Ricardo deduced his famous law of rent, which George has made familiar to everybody, and on which Marx founded his "scientific Socialism." Population increases beyond the capacity of land, in use, to support it; other land, therefore, must be taken up; since men seek to gratify their desires with the least exertion, the best land will be improved first; between its yield and that of the inferior land intervenes a constantly increasing margin of rent, which is what makes the difference between rich and poor. It reduces wages to the minimum obtainable from the poorest land (the Iron Law of Wages, Lasalle called this). Yet worse remains. Since cultivation extends, this minimum is not a stationary but a diminishing quantity. True, the cost of living is diminished, and the laborer's real wages do not, therefore, fall as fast as the nominal, but they do fall, for those commodities the laborer chiefly wants are those most directly derived from the soil; and they are not being cheapened, but the contrary.* Ricardo is thus the true founder of "the Dismal Science." The extreme pessimism and determinism of his views, which have been compared to those of Calvin, did not prevent their "taking" with English capitalists, who, during the Corn Law battle, found in them a weapon against English landlords. But Ricardo also furnished Socialism with a weapon against them both. Except the Anarchists, all Socialists who make any pretensions to scientific economic reasoning, begin with Ricardo. Their common burden is that government must, and, when these things become better understood, a democratic government certainly will, confiscate rent for the common good, and, they usually add, assume control of business. How their idol, the government, will, after all, manage to keep people from finding it harder to live as the Law of Diminishing Returns keeps shortening the result of their labor, these reformers do not, indeed, make quite as clear as could be wished. But here is where their prejudice against Malthus began. His

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* This is important. George repeatedly assures us that ability to create any kind of wealth is ability to create as much of any other kind. But if the Law of Diminishing Returns from Agricultural Lands be correct, this is not correct for the most important kind of wealth.

name became associated, though Ricardo's rather should be, with the Law of Diminishing Returns. It is, therefore, a fact of extreme interest that Malthus decidedly rejected Ricardo's improvements on his system. *The difference between Anarchism and Socialism,* as we usually understand the latter term, *is the difference between Malthus and Ricardo.* Malthus, we remember, had never said that population necessarily increases. Under the existing conditions, he believed population to be limited by the willingness of capitalists to employ labor; nor is there much doubt that this is substantially correct; though the "wage-fund doctrine" of Senior, McCulloch, and other Ricardians,* overdo it. Now Malthus observed, nor could Richardo deny,† that capital will not take up waste land unless it can get from such land as much as from those institutions which borrow and lend money for speculative enterprises. Except, then, as improved methods bring up the profit on waste land to the current rate of interest, there will be no rise of rent. Experimental cultivation by government, philanthropists, theorists, or communists, produces no such effect:—it must be business cultivation yielding profit and also wages up to rate. For one of Malthus' most striking doctrines, in pronounced contradiction to Ricardo and all his followers, is that *real wages never fall.* Malthus studied history and society, which Ricardo, in his theorizing a mere formal logician and mathematician, did not. Ricardo, then, might vaguely think (for here, as often, he is not clear) that capital indemnifies itself for rent by cutting wages; but Malthus knew how tenacious labor is of every advantage it has gained in the war with parasites. He believed such gains to be continuous. He had a theory of their origin, which, if rather empirical, is sufficiently comprehensive, and, as usual, savors very much of Darwin.

What, with Fate-like persistency, has raised real wages

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* By making an actual sum out of the "wage-fund," which in the works of Adam Smith and Malthus, is only a rhetorical phrase.

† This was reserved for George. Ricardo, a practical man of business, knew too much about the comparative incomes of landlords and capitalists, under varying conditions of time and place, to say that Rent was swallowing all which labor *and capital* ought to get from land above the poorest.

since they consisted in the daily find of toads or lizards, which may take up all a Digger Indian's time, is, in Malthus' language, "accidents." Some of these accidents were blessings very terribly disguised. One of the most important was the Black Death, which killed serfdom throughout the greater part of Europe, by reducing the number of laborers, and exciting such competition for their services that they could no longer be kept from migrating in search of high wages. Such "accidents" would do the laborer no permanent good, if he were quite the shiftless being which some bourgeois writers represent him. But, though generally ignorant and stupid, he has certain "strong instincts and plain rules," which serve his turn. He will not work for less (real) wages than he is used to getting. Even down to the state of chattel slavery we can see this. Coolies may work for rice gruel; but it would never do not to make negro slaves more comfortable than many white men are. The "standard of comfort" among laborers, raised, from time to time, by "fortunate accidents," and kept from falling by strikes, peasant insurrections, increase of continence, in short by the laborer's determination to keep it up at whatever hazard, has been the guarantee of progress; for it is these struggles which increase knowledge.

Examples of the "accidents" are numerous. The breaking up of the Roman Empire killed chattel slavery, which requires extradition not to be obtained under the loose rule of the Barbarians. The restoration of slavery, though favored by circumstances in the colonies, has been stoutly withstood, and, in Malthus' time, was evidently failing. The discovery of America, by relieving pressure in Europe, raised the standard of comfort there; and legalization of Trades' Unions is evidence that it will not fall. The French Revolution made the peasants landowners, and the restored Bourbon dared not rob them; etc. Evidently, Malthus' economy is not a dismal science. Believing a high standard of comfort the condition of social improvement, he was no prophet of "parsimony." He encouraged, indeed, saving by retrenchment of expenses upon the lower appetites; but with a view to enjoyment, not mere money-making. The English proletaire who denies himself gin, if at all, that he may have good clothes, a furnished house, a lease, a library, is wiser

than the French peasant who lives on black bread that he may buy more land. Malthus went further than perhaps any economist reckoned "orthodox" in recognition of the great truth that exchange is the chief source of riches and that starving to get ahead of each other, like the Coolies and the Jews in many places, makes all the people absolutely poor whomever it makes relatively rich. Thus his view of "progress and poverty" differed from Ricardo's, it has been said, as Arminianism from Calvinism. Malthus refers everything to the individual, Ricardo to certain institutions, such as land ownership, which he took for granted. In the minds of Socialists, Ricardo's principles tend to passive reliance on the Omnipotent Goodness of the State, those of Malthus to repudiation of the State, or Anarchism.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

THE United States government in a mad chase after Emma Goldman.

What a significant title for a funny story. What rich material for a cartoon!

By the decision of the Federal government, Emma Goldman, the terrible, may now be deported. Well, serves her right. What on earth made her select our dear country, anyway? It's different with us Americans. We are here through no fault of ours. But for her to come voluntarily, to live here twenty-five years, and to go on as if she were at home—that is strong, indeed!

What didn't our government do to get rid of her?! For seventeen years the police have camped on her trail; her meetings were broken up; her audiences clubbed innumerable times, but that didn't seem to help. Then she was arrested again and again—not for what she said, but for what she was going to say. Why, she was actually sentenced to Blackwell's Island penitentiary once, for inciting to riot which didn't take place, but which might have taken place. Well, what happened? When she came out, she was worse than ever. In 1901 she was held under twenty thousand dollars bail, while our poor government spent thirty thousand dollars to connect her

with McKinley's death. In short, every conceivable method was used to relieve the anxiety of the United States government. But that woman simply sticks and sticks. However, if there is anything Uncle Sam cannot do, we should like to know it. Hasn't he men in the secret service patriotic enough to do any kind of a dirty job for money? Well, we sent some of them to a city called Rochester, where, many years ago, a man had the misfortune to marry that there Emma Goldman. He was a good man, you know; for no American citizen can be a very bad man. But that marriage was a blotch on his citizenship. So, out of Christian kindness and American loyalty, his naturalization papers were annulled. Wasn't that a clever idea? Of course, it cost quite a lot. Some people in Rochester had to be cajoled, intimidated, threatened, frightened, and possibly bribed. But it was done all right, and the country might now breathe easy if—but there is Emma Goldman, still enjoying *our* air, looking at *our* sky, counting *our* stars, basking in *our* sun, and dreaming un-American dreams,—can there be a greater indictment against any human being? Not enough of that, she actually disbelieves in our or any government, and insists that they are only here to divide human interests. She attacks the entire system; she will have it that it is a life-and-soul-destroying mechanism, and that it strips man of the finest and best in him.

Did anyone ever hear of such treason?

Were she an American citizen, we might some day hang or electrocute her. But an alien—what's left for us to do but to deport her. The trouble is, where, oh where can we send her?

Poor, poor United States government! Yours is, indeed, a difficult task. True, your hard, persistent labors have been crowned with some success. You have Emma Goldman's citizenship. But she has the world, and her heritage is the kinship of brave spirits—not a bad bargain.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

WM. BUWALDA'S LETTER TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT*

HUDSONVILLE, Mich.,
April 6, 1909.

HON. JOSEPH M. DICKINSON,
Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:—After thinking the matter over for some time I have decided to send back this trinket to your Department, having no further use for such baubles, and enable you to give it to some one who will appreciate it more than I do.

It speaks to me of faithful service, of duty well done, of friendships inseparable, friendships cemented by dangers and hardships and sufferings shared in common in camp and in the field. But, sir, it also speaks to me of bloodshed—possibly some of it unavoidably innocent—in defense of loved ones, of homes; homes in many cases but huts of grass, yet cherished none the less.

It speaks of raids and burnings, of many prisoners taken and, like vile beasts, thrown in the foulest of prisons. And for what? For fighting for their homes and loved ones.

It speaks to me of G. O. 100, with all its attendant horrors and cruelties and sufferings; of a country laid waste with fire and sword; of animals useful to man wantonly killed; of men, women, and children hunted like wild beasts, and all this in the name of Liberty, Humanity, and Civilization.

In short, it speaks to me of War—legalized murder, if you will—upon a weak and defenseless people. We have not even the excuse of self-defense.

Yours sincerely,

WM. BUWALDA,
R. R. No. 3, Hudsonville, Mich.

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* Copy of the letter Wm. Buwalda sent to the U. S. government when returning the medal awarded him for faithful service in the Philippines.—*Ed.*

ANARCHISM AND EDUCATION

By H. KELLY.

WHY Anarchism should be demanded and applied in art, science, literature, the drama, education, and many other fields of life, the political and economical alone excepted, has long been and remains one of the mysteries of life. The Pope thunders against modernism, but free churches and synagogues. multiply and cover the earth. Anarchism in the pictorial and plastic arts is accepted everywhere, and geniuses like Millet, Whistler, Rodin, and others, are glorified and held up as examples of men who defied accepted traditions and insisted on expressing themselves, while master minds like Whitman, Ibsen, Lester, Koch, and others, are heralded as beacon lights to a groping and blundering mankind. The Froebels in education inhabit every corner of the globe, and their cries grow more and more insistent for a freer and saner method of teaching youth the duties and responsibilities of life.

Mr. Harold E. Gorst, a famous English educator, has recently visited this country, lecturing and writing on education. His methods, as set forth briefly in the March issue of the *North American Review* under the heading, "An Educational Revolution," are startling enough to make one gasp with astonishment that such a pious old humbug as Sir John Gorst should be sire to such a revolutionist. The tenor of Mr. Gorst's article may be judged from the following:

"How many individuals, to begin with, have discovered their precise vocation to lie in the work they are compelled to do in order to earn their daily bread? The percentage of happy, contended people who are doing, consciously, just what they are fitted for is notoriously small. Is there a single person, possessing a tolerably wide circle of acquaintance, who cannot point to dozens of examples of individuals that are leading wasted and disappointed lives through pursuing an uncongenial occupation? There are writers, thinkers, artists, and musicians eating their hearts out in Wall Street; there are engineers in the pulpit or driving street-cars; naturalists and farmers slaving away at figures in a counting-house; scholars masquerading as administrators; and men of action, the would-be

pioneers of new and productive industries, bound hand and foot in some office of law or commerce. It is a pitiful story, the first chapter of which commenced in the elementary school. And it is something worse than cruelty to the individual. It is the canker which produces national inefficiency and national decay, and which multiplies mediocrity in every profession and occupation throughout the length and breath of the land. A well-known Philadelphia professor testified publicly in my hearing, a few weeks ago, to the high percentage of men in technical colleges who were compelled to give up their course, because it was discovered, at the eleventh hour, that they had no aptitude for the vocation for which they were being trained."

National inefficiency and national decay multiply mediocrity, etc., etc. My, my! And this with our boasted specialization of industry, marvelous development of machinery, and what not. Isn't it all very startling—and true? Isn't it true that even the most fortunate amongst us, when not engaged in work that is positively pernicious, are expressing at best but the negative side of our nature, while our nobler and better selves lie dormant within us, still-born children who might have done much and been happier for doing it. And yet, there is hope in the cry of such men. True, they do not see clearly that irrational systems of education, with their concomitant evils—national inefficiency and national decay—multiplying mediocrity, are inevitable while men are slaves to a barbarous systems of economics and authority. But the more insistent becomes the cry for a freer and fuller life, the surer the bonds of Church, State, and property will be loosened, and perhaps one day we shall see progress along these lines, equal to that in other walks of life. To demand that men select their own occupations, instead of being arbitrarily fitted to them, is indeed a revolutionary doctrine, which finds deep sympathy with us. To sneer at, and twit the inefficient, shows a lamentable lack of knowledge or appreciation of life. Yes, there are human derelicts and inefficients, and plenty, but one of the great secrets of life is that each one of those, if fitted to his proper place in life, can serve a very useful purpose in the world and be happier by so doing. An inefficient business man or workman is despised and looked down upon

as one who is useless and undeserving of even the humblest seat at the banquet table, and yet why should he debauch and stultify his soul by making himself proficient at something he has no interest in. Why? Speaking to one of our best known and most libertarian clergymen and to one of the ablest and most successful public school principals in New York—a woman of force and character—I was informed by both that work was in itself a noble thing, and in one case that we should feel our life well spent if we earned a living for ourselves—at anything honest, though obnoxious. Why one should consider work, which has no social value and is personally objectionable, as noble or self-satisfying merely because it is done well, is quite beyond us. By all means encourage, stimulate, and help the youth to discover that form of occupation which Bancroft, the historian, said would be a pleasure and solace in his old age, for by so doing you not only people the earth with efficient men and women, but you people it with *free* human beings.

* * *

THE EASIEST WAY

An Appreciation

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

HIPPOLYTE TAINE assures us that the real criterion of the development and culture of a people is its literature. No doubt Taine used the term in a broad sense, including also the drama. Is not the latter one of the strongest, if not the strongest, medium of literary interpretation of life? If so, we must assume that America had hitherto neither culture nor development. since its drama, at least, was of the poorest quality indeed. The people at large still consider the theater a place of cheap amusement and relaxation from the daily grind, while the melodramatic impossibilities serve as a vehicle to inflame the imagination of the street gamin or the hero worship of the boarding school miss.

However, the last fifteen years have wrought a great change from the nerve-racking mechanism of our existence to a deeper and finer appreciation of the true relations of life.

This awakening is the natural sequence of a commercialism which has about reached its zenith. This condition it is which furnishes the stimulus to a real American drama worthy of the name.

If it be true that nature will use up a great deal of human material to mold one genius, why may it not be equally true that innumerable dramatic attempts had to be made before the real drama could be born?

"The Easiest Way," by Eugene Walter, can be considered the first American work of real dramatic art. The artistic merit of this drama lies not so much in its harmony of details, itself extraordinary, but rather in its faithful and bold portrayal of life. After all, what is art but life? Life, not in the exceptional, but in its every-day, ordinary manifestations. When truly great, art merely aids us to see with the inner eye, the human eye. Thus, when we look at Rodin's masterpiece, "Old Age," representing an ugly, shriveled woman in the process of decay, we will at once behold the panorama of a thousand incidents and events. We can see the child's joys, the youth's dreams and aspirations, the intensity of mature love, with all its ecstasy and pain; we see a thousand blighted hopes, and an endless struggle against the inevitable laws of life, and the final dumb submission and despair. Looking upon art from this viewpoint, I consider "The Easiest Way" truly great. Of the five characters whose lives are unrolled before us, none represents the exceptional. No such spirit as of a Mrs. Alving, or the colossal figure of Brandt or Dr. Stockmann can be found in "The Easiest Way." Much less are we called upon to divine the complex temperament of Anna Mar or Heinrich the Bell-forger. Nothing but every-day people, living every-day lives; yet so vividly brought before us as to hold the rapt attention for hours and to dissolve themselves in our very blood till they become part of us.

No wonder respectability became enraged. To think that "disreputable" beings can suffer, that they, too, cling to life, and struggle and lie and cheat for "a bit of love, happiness, and peace!" Why, they even have a code of morals. The men clinging to their "honor," even though it costs a human soul. The women striving to become "respectable and decent" through matrimony. How per-

fectly awful that respectability should be molded of the same clay.

"The Easiest Way" is supposed to represent a "peculiar phase" of New York life. If that were all, it would be of little significance. After all, Laura Murdock and Elfie St. Clair are not the only demi-mondes who have been dramatized. We have had Zaza, Camille, Du Barry, and others. That which gives the play real importance and value lies much deeper. It lies, first, in the fundamental current of our social fabric which drives us all, even stronger characters than Laura, into the easiest way —a way so very destructive of integrity, of truth, and justice, yet the only one to exist at all. Secondly, the cruel, senseless, criminal fatalism conditioned in Laura's sex. These two features put the universal stamp on the play, and destine it to prove the strongest indictment against society.

Laura Murdock, a cheap actress, is playing with a stock company in the mountains of Colorado. She is kept by Willard Brockton, a wealthy man about town, interested in theatrical ventures. He travels twenty-five hundred miles to Denver to take Laura back with him to a palatial home in New York. The girl, however, has meantime fallen in love with John Madison, a young reporter. Unlike others of his set, he was willing to take Laura, though she had a past, since he himself had lived rather a fast and easy life. Brockton, the elder of the two, knowing the girl well, asks Madison how much he makes a week, and when informed that it is only thirty dollars, he warns Madison that Laura is utterly unfit to forego her habits of luxury. Holding to the old proverb that love is blind, Madison arranges with Laura for her to return to New York to seek independence, while he would exert strenuous efforts to "make his pile," when he would marry her.

In the second act we see Laura in a cheap furnished room, with all her money, jewelry, and dresses gone, unable to get an engagement. Madison is still in the West, writing daily long love letters to Laura, which, coming on a hungry stomach, with no prospects in view, fail to have the desired effect on the girl. At the moment of her greatest despair a visitor is announced, Elfie St. Clair, an ex-variety actress, now the mistress of a man old and

ugly, but, in the words of Elfie, "who is good to me." The two girls were friends at the time when Laura lived in the same atmosphere. But now that she is undergoing a treatment of the virtue cure, she rebukes Elfie for her life and for her lack of understanding of Laura's new ideals. But necessity knows no law. Laura is about to be evicted. Though spurning Elfie's manner of life, she is willing to accept a loan from her. But Elfie, with all her cynicism and cruel knowledge of her atmosphere, has retained some sense of justice, and is about to leave her friend to her own fate. But when Laura breaks down, Elfie recants and is willing to assist her. At that moment Laura, realizing her utter distress and inability to stand the strain any longer, decides to go back to Brockton, who had come in Elfie's motor car and is waiting downstairs. Brockton is overjoyed, tells Laura it is his first real happy day in six months, and puts money on her table, but insists that she should go back to him only if she can do it voluntarily; and if not, offers to aid her to a position with one of the theatrical companies. When Laura resolves to return, Brockton insists on her writing to Madison, renouncing her love for him. "I know it's cruel, but I've given Madison my word of honor to let him know should you return to me." Two months later we see Laura in an expensive hotel, amidst souvenirs of the previous night's debauch. Brockton is there, apparently quite at home. Laura has all the luxuries for which she had sold herself; but in consequence she is growing to hate Brockton and is very anxious about Madison, to whom of course she did not send the letter dictated by Brockton. At that moment a telegram arrives announcing that John Madison had made a fortune in the West and is hurrying East to marry Laura. He is due that afternoon. Brockton, reading the news of Madison's sudden luck in one of the morning papers, realizes that Laura had not "played him fair" and did not send the letter. He insists that he would not permit her to receive Madison and that the latter must learn everything, but finally yields to Laura's promise to tell all to Madison. When Madison arrives Laura is too weak to meet the critical moment and suffers him to depart to make preparations for the wedding, without keeping her promise to Brockton.

The fourth act finds Laura dressed for her journey, waiting for Madison. When the latter arrives he tells her that all is ready for the final step, but that he had heard rumors about her and Brockton. But Laura assures him that she has kept faith. John has taken her word, and then suddenly sound Brockton's footsteps in the hall; his key opens the door, and with the manner of being at home he walks through the parlor to the bedroom. At that moment Madison knows all. He points his revolver at Brockton, but is stopped by Laura. She pleads with Madison and urges her helplessness, her weakness, her need. Madison cannot believe her again. Finally she threatens suicide. Madison, cold and rigid, scoffs at her, "You haven't the nerve." He leaves her.

Laura stands for a moment paralyzed with grief and despair, and then hysterically screams, "To hell with them all! I'm going to Rector's to make a hit."

When I saw the play the first time I could not help wishing for an American Bernard Shaw to write a thirty page preface as a text-book for critics. Indeed, what our critics do *not* know about the drama would fill more than thirty pages. To quote a few Solomonic oracles: "'The Easiest Way' is a slum play." "'The Easiest Way' attacks the theater trust." "'The Easiest Way' shows how a man about town victimizes a poor girl," etc., etc. But then our critics possibly knew better, but it were dangerous to analyze such a powerful indictment against society.

To say that Brockton forced Laura to return, or that the theater trust even is responsible, seems to be an absurd and superficial grasp of "The Easiest Way."

Brockton is certainly not an ideal character. And yet, compared with other men whose money decides human destiny, he is kinder and more humane, at least to Laura. In fact, the girl herself tells us so in the first act: "You have been awfully good to me, and now you will surely not stand in the way of my happiness." And he does not, only he knows Laura and therefore has little faith in her perseverance.

Again, in the second act, Brockton shows that he is not altogether void of decency. He asks Laura not to come unless she can do so voluntarily. He even offers to get her an engagement. Finally, in the last act, when the

house built on a lie crumbles to pieces, with Madison horribly shaken, Brockton says, "You are all in. How I wish I could be all in." A man who is still capable of such regrets has something in his favor.

No, it is not Brockton. It's our criminal waste of human energy, our cold, cruel, economic and social fabric, that drives Laura, even as it drives the average girl to marry any man for a "home." Or as it drives all men to endure the worst indignities for a miserable pittance.

"Do you know what it means to be hungry?" Laura asks Madison in her last desperate attempt to hold him. No, he did not know. His rigid, puritanical clinging to "honor" and "truth" made him blind to the awful force of conditions that has broken stauncher spirits than Laura's.

And then—there is that other condition, the fatalism of Laura's sex. Elfie St. Clair sums up the inevitability of that force in the following words: "Don't you know that we count no more in the life of these men than tamed animals? It's a game, Laura, and if we don't play our cards well, we lose." There it is in a nutshell. Woman in her battle with life has but one weapon, one commodity —her sex. To succeed she has been trained to bring into the competitive field *not* brains, skill, judgment, character, or integrity; her sex was her attribute. That alone served as trump card in the game of life. Aye, and it has also served her as the greatest force to bring men to her feet.

Thus both Brockton and Madison in their attitude to Laura are similar. Madison bids for her with a marriage license and Brockton—well, he wants the girl as his mistress, but in return gives her more freedom of movement The only condition he ever made was that she be "on the square" with him. While Madison makes it very clear to Laura "what it means to be my wife."

Yes, it is that cruel, blind fatalism that has made of woman a parasite, an inert thing. Why, then, expect perseverance or energy of Laura? The easiest way is the path mapped out for her from time immemorial. She could follow no other.

It is impossible to do justice to the wealth of dramatic and artistic moments contained in "The Easiest Way." What wonderful psychologic grasp of human character,

as portrayed by Elfie St. Clair. Harsh, cynical, yet so full of human touches. How much some of our Christian ladies could learn from her. The simple thoughtfulness of putting a fresh flower on Laura's table, and her readiness to forgive and help, though she was so bitterly hurt by her friend's scorn. And in the third act, when she pours out her loneliness into Laura's ears, "Do you know that you are the only thing I love?" Just think of it, ladies and gentlemen, a "bad" woman, one who sells her body, yet craving love and affection.

The most tragic moment in the whole play, to me, is not that Laura goes to "make a hit." After all, compared with the dull, dreary life of thousands of working girls, hers is the brighter. The tragic moment is expressed in the loud, shrill organ music, at the moment when Laura cries, "Paint my face and adorn my body. They have robbed me of my soul!" That terrible lack of sympathy, of oneness with human sorrow; a quivering soul, and discordant sounds streaming through the window. Men and women living side by side, passing each other, yet each blank and barren. That is at once the most tragic and dramatic moment of the entire play.

As to the artistic rendering of "The Easiest Way," a separate essay ought to be devoted to that. Frances Starr in her interpretation of Laura is truly exquisite. But, then, America is rich in individual dramatic artists: Julia Marlowe, Mary Shaw, Maude Adams, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, etc., etc. That which makes an epoch in American acting is the extraordinary artistic harmony of the *ensemble*. The next step, and the most difficult, is the revolutionizing of the audiences. The one who will accomplish that feat will make himself immortal indeed.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

SPAIN.

The Spanish Anarchists have initiated a wide-spread movement for the liberation of the victims of Alcala del Valle.

In 1903 various agrarian strikes took place in Spain, during which the people repeatedly clashed with the authorities. This also happened at Alacala del Valle, where the rural police made brutal use of their weapons, killing and wounding a number of the strikers. The affair resulted in the arrest of 94 persons. The government resorted to the torture of the prisoners—men and women—to wring confessions. Thus the authorities hoped to "prove" that it was the strikers who were responsible for the massacre! Many of the prisoners were subsequently released, while 36 were tried by court-martial and sentenced to long terms. Most of the convicted men are still suffering in the Spanish dungeons at Bagno. A strong movement is on foot to bring about the release of these victims of governmental cruelty.

INDIA.

The *Free Hindusthan,* published in New York City, writes:

Since the Indian Nationalists declared their creed in the Indian National Congress of 1907 at Surat, it is the policy of the British government to break up the Nationalist organization by any means.

Our recognized leader and genuine patriot, Sj. Bal Gangadhar Tilak, became a victim of this policy, and has been deported for five years. Sj. Arabinda Ghose was charged with bomb-throwing, and put in prison, and is awaiting trial. Sj. V. O. Chidambram Pillai, the originator of the "Swadeshi Steamship Company," is sentenced to transportation for life on a charge of sedition, and at least two hundred young journalists and printers have been sent to prison. These acts of repression could not extinguish the fire of patriotism that burns in the people of India; and the Nationalist party arranged for their Congress at Nagpur. But, to the ruin of the British government, nine of our Bengal leaders were deported at the early part of December. We are sorry to know that Sj. Aswini Kumar Dutt, Sj. Krishua Kumar Mitra, Sj. Subodh Chaudra

Mullick, Sj. Shamsandar Chakervatty, and Sj. Pulin Behary were victims of this drastic action.

The British government stopped the Nationalists' Congress by prohibiting all public assemblies at Nagpur, and within the district from December 15, 1908, to January 15, 1909. At the same time the "Loyalists" of India had their Congress at Madras.

The British government can stop public meetings and put us in prison, but cannot steal our hearts. The path we have to take has been clearly spoken by Mazzini:

"But in a country where open oppression of liberal sentiments meant prison or exile, if not scaffold, there was no alternative but secret societies."

* * *

In the court at Alipore, a Bengali youth shot and killed Ashutosh Biawas, who acted as public prosecutor in a recent trial of Hindu Anarchists, charged with conspiracy against the government. The youth was arrested.

* * *

A bomb was thrown at a railroad train near Barrackpur, fifteen miles north of Calcutta, and an investigation resulted in the suspicion that the act was an attempt upon the life of Lord Minto, the Viceroy of India. The Viceroy was due to pass this spot on his way to Assam, but it so happened that he was on another train.

* * *

Balkrishna Ravji Palvankar, editor and properitor of the Bombay journal *Rashtaramakh,* has been sentenced by the district magistrate of Colaba to eighteen months' rigorous imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 500, or six months extra, in connection with the publication in his paper of a seditious article. The magistrate, in the course of his judgment, said the article was "from beginning to end an abuse of the English."

Vinayek Rao Joshi, editor of the journal *Vishravritta,* published at Kolhapur, was sentenced to eighteen months' rigorous imprisonment. His co-editors, Vishnu Vijapurkar, an ex-professor of Sanskrit at the Kolhapur State College, and Waman Joshi were sentenced to three years' simple imprisonment, with a fine of a thousand rupees, and three years' rigorous imprisonment, respectively, for publishing an article inciting to dissatisfaction against the Maharaja and abetting murder.

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AINDA O MILITARISMO PERANTE A POLITICA MODERNA. Apostolado Positivista do Brazil, Rio de Janeiro.

THE GIANT KILLER. Carl Eickemeyer. New York.

MODERN LOVE. An Anthology. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

ANACTORIA. Algernon Charles Swinburne. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

THE UNSEEN DANGERS BEHIND HUMANITY. Joseph S. Shatzke, Aurora, Colo.

DIE FRANZOESISCHE REVOLUTION. By Peter Kropotkin. Theod. Thomas, Leipzig.

THE SOUL OF THE WORLD. By Estella Bachman. Equitist Publ. House, Pasadena, Cal.

CORRECT THINKING. By Parker H. Sercombe. To-Morrow Publ. Co., Chicago.

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